

A Few Words

TO THE
RULERS of this NATION

By Judith Boulby



O England! Is it a Time to solace thy self in Musick and
cing? Is not the Time exceeding Precious? and wilt
spend thy Pretious Time in Pleasure and Vanity? O
many wicked Societies that are gathered together in thee; O Na
some to Carding and Dicing, others to Drinking and Feasting,
upon the Stages, many to the May-Games, Horse-Matches, F
Matches, Ringing of Bells, Musick going up and down thy Stre
When alas, O Nation, for ought thou knowest, the Vials of
Wrath may even be ready to be poured out without Mixture.
Wo! Wo from the Lord God to all Magistrates and Rulers, that
fer such Ungodliness as this to abound.

Oh *England!* Thou hast far exceeded *Sodom* in thy Prophanen
How hath Wickedness spread it self over the Land? How
Oaths and Drunkenness abound in the Nation? How
gross Darknes cover the Hearts of the People, as though they
made a League with Death, and an Agreement with Hell?
your League with Death must be disannulled, and your Agree
with Hell it must not stand: For the Lord God he is arisen; an
hath raised a Seed, that can never bow to Man; and he hath r
up a Poor People in whom he will place his Power, which Po
must confound the Wisdom of the Wise.

Oh thou Land of my Nativity! for whom my Soul breathes
travels, Lay aside thy great Excess and Wantonness in Appa
and put on Sack-Cloth, and Cry mightily unto the Lord, if
adventure he may Repent him of the Evil, and spare thee.

And Friends, you who are put in Power to be Governours of
Nation, O exercise your Power for God, and put a speedy S
to this Prophaneness, lest that your Power be given to